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IN THE NAME OF GOD.

OR. TALMAGE ON THE SUBLIME MOTIVES OF COLUMBUS.

The Central Fact on This Memorial Da Is That the Great Achievement Was Religious Discovery-The Voyage Was

BROOKLYN, Oct. 9.-Rev. Dr. Talage's discourse today was occasioned by the Columbus observance now taking place. In the overflowing andience were many who had come to the ciry to participate in the patriotic ceremo...ics. The subject was, "Half a Planet," the text being Denteronomy iii, 27. "Lift up thine eyes westward."
So God said to Moses in Bible times

ad so he said to Christoforo Colombo the son of a wool comber of Genoa, more

of the world, the philosophy of the world, the civilization of the world, the religion of the world came from the

But while Columbus, as his name was called after it was Latinized, stood studying maps and examining globes and reading cosmography, God said to him, "Lift up thine eyes toward the The fact was it must have seemed to Columbus a very lopsided world-like a cart with one wheel, like a scissors with one blade, like a sack on one side of a camel, needing a sack on the other side to balance it. Here was a bride of a world with no bridegroom. When God makes a half of anything he does not stop there. He makes the other half. We are all obliged sometimes to leave things only half done. But God never stops half way, because he has the

time and the power to go all the way. 1 do not wonder that Columbus was not satisfied with half a world, and so went to work to find the other half. The pieces of carved wood that were floated to the shores of Europe by a westerly gale, and two dead human faces, unlike anything he had seen before, likewise floated from the west, were to him the voice of God saying, "Lift up thine eyes toward the west." But the world then, as now, had plenty of Can't-be dones. That is what keeps individuals back, and enterprises back, and the church back, and nations back-ignominious and disgusting and dishearten ing Can't-be-Dones.

Old navigators said to young Colum bus, "It can't be done." The republic of Genoa said, "It can't be done." phonso V said, "It can't be done." A committee on maritime affairs, to whom the subject was submitted, declared "It can't be done." Venetians said, "It can't be done." But the father of Columbus' wife died, leaving his widow a large number of sea charts and maps and as if to condemn the slur that differ ent ages put upon mothers-in-law the mother-in-law of Columbus gave him the navigator's materials out of which he ciphered America. After awhile the story of this poor but ambitious Corumbus reaches the ear of Queen Labella, and she pays eighty dollars to buy him a decent suit of clothes, so that he may be fit to appear before royalty.

The interview in the palace was suc cessful. Money enough was borrowed to fit out the expedition. There they are, the threeships, in the Gulf of Cadiz, Spain. If you ask me which have been the most famous boats of the world, I would say, first, Noah's ship, that wharfed on Mount Ararat; second, the boat of bulrushes, in which Moses floated the Nile; third, the Mayflower, that put out from Plymouth with the Pilgrin Fathers, and now these three vessels that on this the Friday morning, Aug. 3 1492, are rocking on the ripples. I am s glad it is Friday, so that the prows of those three ships shall first of all run down the superstition that things begun or voyage started on Friday must neces-

sarily prove disastrous. Show me any Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday or Saturday that ever accomplished as much as this expedition that started on Friday. With the idea that there will be perils con nected with the expedition, the sacra ment of the Lord's supper is administered. Do not forget that this voyage was begun under religious auspice There is the Santa Maria only ninety feet long, with four masts and eight anchors. The captain walking the deck is fifty-seven years old, his hair white for at thirty-five he was gray, and hi face is round, his nose aquiline and his

stature a little taller than the average. I know from the decided step and the set of his jaw that he is a determined man. That is Captain Christophe Columbus. Near by, but far enough off not to run into each other, are the smaller ships, the Pinta and the Nina, about large enough and safe enough to cross the Hudson river or the Thames in good weather. There are two doctors in this fleet of ships, and a few lands men-adventurers who are ready to risk their necks in a wild expedition. There are enough provisions for a year. "Captain Columbus, where are you sailing for?" "I do not know." "How long before you will get there?" "I cannot say." "All ashore that are going!" is heard, and those who wish to remain go to the land. Now the anchors of the three ships are being weighed, and the ratlines begin to rattle and the sails to

The wind is dead cast, and it does no take long to get out to sca. In a few hours the adventurers wish they had not started. The ships begin to roll and pitch. Oh, it is such a delightful sensation for landsmen! They begin to bother Captain Columbus with questions. They want to know what he thinks of the weather. They want to know when he thinks he will probably get there. Every time when he stands taking observations of the sun with an astrolabe they wonder what he sees and ask more questions. The crew are rather grouty Some of them came on under four months' advance pay and others were impressed into the service. For sixteen days the wind is dead east and that leases the captain, because it blows them farther and farther away from the European coast and farther on toward the shore of another country, if there is

After awhile there comes a calm day, and the attempt is made to fathom the ocean, and they cannot touch bottom though the line and lead run down two feet, and below that it may be many hundred feet deeper. To add interest to the voyage, on the twentieth day out a violent storm sweeps the sea, and the Atlantic ocean tries what it can do with the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina. Some of you know semething of what a sea can do with the Umbria, the

I aris, and you must imagine what the cean could do with those three small shins of olden time.

You may judge what the occan was changed its habits. It can smile lies sea, indicating to the commanders of the morning, but often it is the archanged that fleet that they were approaching the morning, but often it is the archangel s ipwreck. The untinous crew would have killed Columbus had it not been for the general opinion on shipboard that he was the only one that could take them back home in safety. The promise of a silk waistcoat and forty dollars in unley to the man who should first dis wer land appeared them somewhat, but

awful. Yet God sustained the great sailer commanding the Santa Maria.

Every evening on shipboard they had great captain or admiral had been cursed by every anathema that human lips could frame, one night a sailor saw a light moving along the shore, and then moving up and down, and then disappearing. On Friday morning at two o'clock, just long enough after Thursday to make it sure that it was Friday. and so give another blow at the world's idea of unlucky days-on Friday morning. Oct. 12, 1492, a gun from the Pinta signaled "land ahead."

Then the ships lay to, and the boats were lowered, and Captain Christopher Columbus first stepped upon the shore, amid the sere of birds and the air a enree of re ce, and took possession in the name . . the Father, and the Son and the Hely Ghost. So the voyage that began with the sacrament ended with "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." From that day onward you say there can be nothing for Columbus but honors, rewards, rhapsodies, palaces and world wide applause. No! no! On his way back to Spain the ship was so wrenched by the tempest and so threatened with destruction that he wrote a brief account of his discovery and put it in a cask and throw it overboard that the world might not lose the advantage of his adventures.

Honors awaited him on the beach, but be undertook a second voyage, and with it came all maligning and persecution and denunciation and poverty. He was called a land grabber, a liar, a cheat, a fraud, a deceiver of nations. Speculaters robbed him of his good name, courtiers depreciated his discoveries, and there came to him rained health and im prisonment and chains, of which he said while he rattled them on his wrists. "1 will wear them as a nemento of the gratitude of princes." Amid keen appreciation of the world's abuse and cruelty, and with body writhing in the tortures of gout he grouned out his last words, "In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum"-"Into thy harids. O Lord, I commend my spirit. Of course he had regal obsequies.

That is the way the world tries to atone for its mean treatment of great benefac-tors. Many a man has had a fine ride to his grave who during this life had to walk all the way. A big funeral, and instead of breed they give him a stonethat is a tombstone. Dut death, that brings quiet to the body of others, did not bring quiet to his. First buried in the church of Santa Maria. Seven year afterward removed to Seville. Twentythree years afterward removed to San Domingo. Finally removed to Cuba. Four postmortem journeys from sepul-

cher to sepuicher. I wish his bones might be moved just once more, and now that they have come so near to America as Cuba they might during the great Columbian year be transported to our own shores, where they belong, and that in the fifth century after his decease the American continent might build a mausoleum worthy of him who nicked this jewel of a heur sphere out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography.

But the bright noonday sun of that old sailor's prosperity went down in thickest night, and though here and there a monument has been lifted in his memory, and here and there a city called after him, the continent that he was the means of founding was named after another name, and no fitting commemoration of his work has been proposed until nearly four hundred years after his body turned to dust. May the imposing demoustration now being made in his honor on the Atlantic coast and to be made next year in his honor midcontinent, be brilliant enough and far resounding enough and Christian enough and magnificent enough to atone for the neglect of centuries! May the good Lord allow that most illustrious sailor of all time to look over the amethystine battlements long enough to see some of the garlands wreathed around his name and hear something of the hemispheric shout that shall greet his memory!

What most impresses me in all that wondrous life, which for the next twelve months we will be commemorating by sermon and song and military parade and World's fair and congress of nations, is something I have never heard stated, and that is that the discovery of America was a religious discovery and in the name of God. Columbus, by the study of the prophecies and by what Zechariah and Micah and David and Isaiah had said about the "ends of the earth," was persuaded to go out and find the "ends of the earth," and he felt himself called by God to carry Christianity to the "ends of the earth." Then the administration of the last supper before they left the Gulf of Cadiz, and the evening prayers during the voyage, and the devont ascription as soon as they saw the New World, and the doxologies with which they lauded confirm me in saying that the discovery of America was a religious discovery. Atheism has no right here; infidelity

right here. And as God is not apt to fail in any of his under kings (at any rate I have never heard of his having anything to do with a failure), America is going to be Gospelized, and from the Golden Gate of California to the Narrows of New York harbor, and from the

has no right here; vagabondism has no

they have already landed-and they will wrangle for the possession of this hemi-sphere, and they will make great headway and feel themselves almost estab-

But God will not forget the prophecies which encouraged Columbus about the "ends of the earth seeing the salvation of God." nor the Christian anthem I ajestic, the Tentonic and the City of which Columbus led on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, on the coast of San Salvador. Like that flock of land birds which met the Santa Maria then by what it is now. It has never and the Pinta and the Fina far out a some country, so a whole flock of prom ises and hopes, golden winged and song-A divine influence will yet sweep the

continent that will make iniquity drop like slacked lime, and make the most blatant infidelity declare it was only true, and the worst atheism announce that it always did believe in the God of nations. Let others call for requiem bvery evening on sinpound they had prayers and sung a vesper hymn. But and dead march. I call for George Frederick Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." the ships had been exhausted, and the communication with other worlds, Mars has come so near we can see its canals, and it has been hoped that by and whose riches, and whose populasignals after awhile we may communi cate with other stars. Ah, that will not be possible until our world has been reformed and evargelized!

It would not do for our world in its lost and ruined state to have communi-cation with other worlds. It would spoil their morals. But wait until this world is fully redeemed, as it will be. and then perhaps interstellar correspondence may be opened. Till then this smitten and sickened world of ours must depict them. But a greater soil the be quarantined from coming too near the unfallen worlds. But, thank God. tinent ought to have been called Columthe prophecies which cheered Columbus bis, after the hero who discovered it, or in his great undertaking cheer us. America for God! Yea, the round world for God! There can be no doubt about it! No. The world did not do like justice

presses me with the idea that when one does a good thing he cannot appreciate its ramifications. To the moment of his What a thought! Columbus in irous? death Columbus never knew that he had discovered America, but thought that Cuba was a part of Asia. He thought the island Hispanicla was the Ophir of Solomon. He thought he had only opened a new way to old Asia. Had he known what North and South America were and are, and that he had found a country three thousand miles wide, ten | How the wrong men and the wrong thousand miles long, of seventeen million equare mi'es, and four times as large us them, while God's heroes and Go 's Europe, the happiness would have been too much for mortal man to endure.

ome when a nation of sixty million people on this side of the sea would be joined y all the intelligent nations on the other side the sea for the most part of a year transatlantic voyage. So it has always been. Could Paul on that June day when he was decapitated have had any idea of what effect his letters and the have had any idea of the echoes that

continents of wealth that would be course but the inn, and for the most added to the south by the invention of | times have not wherewithal to pay my his cotton gin? Could John Gutenberg, toiling year after year making type Be not surprised, my hearer, if you and laboriously setting them side by suffer injustice. You are in the best this way and now that, and sued by wrought mightily for God and the John Fanst for money loaned, and world's improvement, and got for it many of the people trying to cheat Gut-enberg out of his invention, he toiling while they lived, although afterward on until he produced what is known as they may have had a long row of carthe Mazarin Bible, have any idea that riages at the obsequies and a gilt edged set of resolutions unanimously adopted be libraries that placed side by side for the consolution of the bereft housewould again and again engirdle the earth, or the showers of newspapers that snow the world under? When Manhattan island was sold to

the Dutch for twenty-four dollars, neither hey who sold or bought could have foreseen New York, the commercial me-tropolis of America that now stands on teacher who instructs a class, or a passer-by who utters encouraging words real-ize the infinitudes of useful result? The town or Southampton or Glasgow not teacher at Harrow school who toiled with William Jones, the most stupid boy in school and at the foot of his class, did not know that he was fitting for his work the greatest oriental scholar of modern times—his statue now in St. Paul's cathedral, London. Every more you make for God, however insignificant in your own eyes or in the eyes of others, touches worlds larger than the one Columbus discovered.

Why talk about unimportant things:

There are no unimportant things. Infinity is made up of infinitesmals. On a clear night the smallest dewdrop holds a star. Each one of you is at the cente of a universe, and all you say and de somehow vibrates to the extreme of that universe in all directions. I promise everlasting renown to those who will go forth with Christian and sympathetic words. After the battle of Copanhagen, Nelson, the admiral, went into a hospital and halted at the bed of a wounded and that we start in the right direction. sailor, who had lost his arm, and said, I will be to each of us who love the "Well, Jack, what is the matter with Lord a voyage more wonderful for disyou?" and the sailor replied, "Lost my covery than that which Columbus took, right arm, your honor," and Nelson for after all we have heard about that looked down at his own empty sleeve other world we know not where it is or and said: "Well, Jack, then you and I how it locks, and it will be as new as are both spoiled for fishermen. Cheer San Salvador was to the glorious captain up, my brave fellow!" And that sym- of the Santa Maria. "Eye hath not seen pathetic word cheered the entire hos- nor ear heard, neither have entered into

and start unending echoes. You can and orchards and aromas such as this no more appreciate the farreaching results of your life than Columbus could breathed! see this continent from arctic to antarctic. I say this not to make you proud and arrogant, but to make you tremble with your responsibilities, and outline of the better country? Land put you on your guard as to what you ahead! Land ahead! Nearer and nearer

lumbus started to find India, but found America. Go on and do your duty dilitop of Nowl America to the foot of South America, from Behring straits to Cape Horn, this is going to be Immanindicated by the foot of South America, from Behring straits to find something better. Saul was hunt this boat acts very queerly, seems to me.

Restment (capt) I research for the sound of the Cape Horn, this is going to be Immanuel's land. All the forms of irreligion and abomination that have carsed other, and abomination that have carsed other.

prophet, who have had a crown of do-minion. Nearly all the great inventions and discoveries were made by men who at the time were looking for something else. Professor Morse gone to Europe to perfect himself in chemistry, on returning happens to take the packet ship Sully, from Havre, and while in converation with a pa-senger learns of sor e experiments in France which suggest

to him the magnetic telegraphy.

He went to Europe to learn the wisdom of others and discovered the telgraph. Engreaves, by the upsetting of a machine and the motion of its wheels jenny. So, my friend, go on faithfull and promptly with your work, and it ful, this morning alight around us. rs | your plans open, you will get some-suring us that we are approaching the thing just as good and perhaps better. glorious period of American evangeliza- Sail ahead on the voyage of life, keep a correct logbook, brave the tempest, make the best use of the east wine; keep a share

What was wornout Li-lin, crouching under a tropical sun, compared with salubrious and radiant and almost il limitable America, and what is all that this little-world to which we live can afford you compared with that supernal realm whose foliage, and whose fruits. tion, and whose grandeurs, and whose worship, had whose Christ make up an affluence that the most rapturous vocab-

ulary fails to utter? Another look at the career of that admiral of the Santa Maria persuades mo that it is not to be expected that this world will do its hard workers full justice. If any man ought to have been treated well from first to last it was Co depict them. But a greater sorl the centuries have not produced. Isabelliana, after the queen who fur nished the means for the expedition. That great Italian navigator also im- while he was alive, and why should it be expected to do him justice after ! was dead? Columbus in a daugeon

What a spectacle! The wife of Robert Murray, after whom Murray hill, New York, was named, never has received proper credit for detaining at a very rich luncheon the officer of the opposing army until Washington and his army could escape. Mre. Murray saved American independence. women get credit that does not belong to heroines go ungarlanded! You have heard of the brave words of dying chi-f-He had no idea that the time would tains, but you probably never heard of what a private soldier said, fallen at Resaca and bleeding under a shell wound in his mouth, and who, though suffering dreadfully from thirst, when a reciting his wonderful deeds. It took cup of water was offered him decline l centuries to reveal the result of that one to drink, saying, "My mouth is all

bloody, sir, and it might make the tin cup bad for others!"

The world knows nothing of the bravest words and the bravest deeds. In account of his life would have on one of the last letters which Columbus Christendom? Could Martin Luther sent to his son, he wrote this lamentation: "I receive nothing of the revenue would ring through the ages from the due me. I live by borrowing. Little bang of his hammer nailing the Latin have I profited by twenty years of servtheses against a church door at Witten- ice with such toils and perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If Could Eli Whitney have realized the I desire to eat or sleep, I have no re-

side, and with presses changed now of company-the men and women who hold. Do your full duty, expecting no appreciation in this world, but full re-

ward in the world to come. And now, while I am thinking of this illustrious ship captain of Genoa, let me bespeak higher appreciation for the ship captains now in service, many of them this moment on the sea, the lives it. Can a man who preaches a sermon, of tens of thousands of passengers in er a woman who distributes tracts, or a their keeping. What an awful responsiknowing what cyclone or collisions or midnight perils are waiting for thein. It requires bravery to face an army of men, but far more bravery to face au

army of Atlantic surges led on by hur-A more stupendous scene is not to be witnessed than that of a ship captain walking the bridge of a steamer in the midst of a cyclone. Remember those heroes in your prayers, and when worn out in the service, and they have to command inferior craft or return to the land and go out of service, do them full honor for what they once were. Let the ship companies award them pensions worthy of what they endured until they start on their last voyage from this world to the

next. Aye, that voyage we must all take, landsmen as well as seafarers. Let us be sure that we have the right pilot, and the right chart, and the right captain. the heart of man." May the light from Before you die you can, out of your that golden beach flash on the darkness, own misfortunes, cheer a hundred souls and we be able to step ashore amid groves breathed!

Aye, fellow mariners, over the rough sea of this life, through the fogs and mists of earth, see you not already the do and what you say.

While studying the life of this Italian out the planks and step ashore into the navigator I am also reminded of the arms of your kindred, who have been fact that while we are diligently look- waiting and watching for the hour of ing for one thing we find another. Co- your disembarkation. Through the rich grace of Christ, our Lord, may we all have such blissful arrival!